

The Philosophy Of Horror

Jedi Mind Tricks

I was Albert Eiensteins mind, I was Italy's fine wine
I was working with God when he defined time
I was there when the guns first let off
There when they cut King Charles head off
There when the CIA battled the crack
And the tradgedy and triumph of Jeranamo Pratt
Punch a faggot til his nose bleed heavy
Dead'em all then I escape in green chevy
I merk your wisdom, spit a dart at you to hurt your wisdom
Put you in the worst position in a turkish prison
Yeah... and my intention is to waste y'all
And cover your body with stitches like a baseball
I fucking lace y'all with the word of the sword
And leaving you bleeding in a ditch while you serving the lord
You deserve to be mauled by an army of bees
Just another faggot dead in his army fatigues

Fuck ya crucifix, your religion and its uselessness
Your propaganda is more wickeder than lucifers
Islamic scientists predicted the computer chips
I spit a rap at you to rock you like Medusa's lips
You fucking goons are sick, and y'all can see that
and y'all are my sons like Ebrahim and Eshak
So lets take a walk through the tifest town
I'm the diven science of the light and the sound
I'm the sublime giant with the right to the crown
I'm the divine tyrant and I'm striking you down
So I teach my kin to attack the beast
For trying to hide me from the 4th book of Makavis
You wack MC's catch a hook to the head
Cause y'all don't know about the tibetan book of the dead
You don't know about anything that's important
About the dead sea scrolls found in Jordan
About the way that you conduct yourself in Satan's wratch
But I don't fuck with you, you walking down the pagan's path

[Vinnie Paz]

I'm a swordsmen, the apocolypse horsemen
What makes me smile is another's misfortune
I like to see your body in flames scortchin'
I like to see a part of your brain auctioned
I like to see inside of your main organs
I like to see inside of your veins pourin'
I find beauty in another's pain
I find beauty in the spirit of god but I don't fuckin' change
I find serenity in torture
My thoughts are too pure for the human mind to author
Its called God Consciousness
Its a level beyond the gods marred thoughtlessness
I stay ready for the combat
While the ignorant praying and they wondering where they god at..
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